

The Musical World.

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VOL. 34.—No 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

{ PRICE 4d.
{ STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mlle. PICCOLOMINI will give TWO REPRESENTATIONS, at Reduced Prices, on Thursday, October 23, and Saturday, October 25. On THURSDAY, October 23, DON PASQUALE, and Last Scene of First Act of LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO, comprising the celebrated "Convien partir;" and on SATURDAY, October 25, LA TRAVIATA. No further representation can be given, her Paris engagement rendering her departure imperative. Prices:—Pit Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Boxes to accommodate four persons, Grand Tier, One Pair, and Pit Tier, Two Guineas; Two Pair, One Guinea; Three Pair, 15s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d.; and Gallery, 2s. The Box Office will be opened on Monday next, October 20.

HACKNEY.—GRAND EVENING CONCERT, on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1856, at the MANOR ROOMS. Vocalists: Madame Enderssohn, Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. M. W. Balfe, the celebrated composer of the "Bohemian Girl," etc., etc. Instrumentalists: Concertina, Mr. George Case; Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor: Mr. M. W. Balfe. Programme.—Part I. Trio, "Memory," Henry Leslie—Madame Enderssohn, Miss Huddart, and Mr. Sims Reeves; Song, "The Vivandiere," Frank Mori—Madame Enderssohn; Sonata, Pianoforte, Beethoven—Miss Arabella Goddard; Song, "When the moon," Molique—Mr. Sims Reeves; Song, "The summer bloom," Hay—Miss Huddart; Solo, Concertina, Case—Mr. George Case; Song, "This is the place, stand still, my steed," Balfe—Mr. Sims Reeves. Part II.—Duet, "Parigi, o cara" (La Traviata), Verdi—Madame Enderssohn and Mr. Sims Reeves; Song, "The reaper and the flowers," Balfe—Miss Huddart; Two Songs, "The arrow and the song," "The happiest land," Longfellow and Balfe—Mr. M. W. Balfe; Fantasia, pianoforte (La Traviata), Oury—Miss Arabella Goddard; Song, "Ah! forse è lui" (La Traviata), Verdi—Madame Enderssohn; Serenade, "Good night, beloved," Balfe—Mr. Sims Reeves; Solo, concertina, Case—Mr. George Case; Duet, "Trust her not," Balfe—Madame Enderssohn and Miss Huddart. Reserved Seats, 3s. 6d.; Back Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d.; may be had of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pope, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Barker, Church-street, Hackney; of Mr. Gribble, the Green, Clapton; Messrs. Kenney and Co., Hackney-road; and of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Doors open at Half-past Seven, to commence at Eight o'clock.

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MR. NEATE, finding it generally reported that on his removal to Brighton he had quitted his profession, begs to announce to his friends that he continues to give INSTRUCTION on the PIANOFORTE, and resides at 5, St. Margaret's-place, Cannon-place.

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REVIEWS.

THIRTY-THREE PSALMS AND HYMNS, in score for four voices, with accompaniments for organ or pianoforte, by the Rev. John C. Crosthwaite, M.A.

We do not know whether the increasing propensity to composition on the part of clergymen augurs well or ill for church-music. Into one scale of the balance we may put the probability that the professed organist and composer would work more heartily and successfully in the belief that the clergy understood and appreciated his labours; while from the other we cannot exclude the force of the old saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." On the whole, seeing that music, as every art, is the occupation of a life, and that the clergy have, or ought to have, quite enough to do in their own vocation, we are disinclined to belief in the advantage of increasing the race of clerico-musical amateurs—the hybrids of theology and counterpoint, who with plenteous capacity, perhaps, for doing credit to either, are but too surely on the road to becoming mere smatterers in both. Of this we have a specially disagreeable example in the doings of that section of the clergy who are doing their best to "Gregorianize" the service of the church. It is at once painful and astounding to watch the efforts of these men to banish everything like sense, truth, and refinement from ecclesiastical music—their impudent and fraudulent assumption of the church's authority for the use of the rubbish they profess to admire, their utter want of all real knowledge of, or feeling for musical art, and last, and most astounding of all, the absence of good scholarship displayed in their attempt to force a kind of music expressly fashioned to the peculiarities of the Latin tongue on to a language with which it has not a single point of constructive correspondence!

The Rev. Mr. Crosthwaite, however, takes his place on very different ground to that occupied by the infatuated set of persons just spoken of. He has evidently some respect for the requirements of the modern ear; he has considerable knowledge of the business he takes in hand; and to back this knowledge, he certainly has invention and feeling of no common order. The tunes are all conceived in the spirit of the best period of the English Choral—namely, after the subsidence of the Gothicisms of the Byrd school, and before the birth of the vulgarising influences of the modern conventicle. They are all vocal and agreeable, and many of them possess a great deal of real force and beauty. They are harmonised, too, very generally, with dignity and appropriateness, though the counterpoint might, in several cases, be materially improved.

Among the remarks of a very sensible and modest preface, occur the following:—

"In the prospectus of this work, I explained what appear to me the peculiar difficulties attending this species of composition—difficulties which may easily have sufficed to deter abler musicians from the attempt; especially when it is considered that the common method of performance in our parish churches is as ill calculated to display the merits of a composer as it is to assist the devotion of the congregation. As long as the children of our charity schools are allowed to disturb the divine service as they usually do (to the serious injury of their own characters in more respects than one), it is impossible to have anything like correct or cultivated congregational singing—equally vain to expect any man of eminence to employ his time in writing music, which he can never hope to have decently performed. But, let the performance in churches be what it may, there are few species of composition in which it is so difficult to arrive at excellence; so that, as I have already observed in my prospectus, 'a man may count that he has done some real service to the Church who shall leave behind him even one tune worthy to take a permanent place in the divine worship.'"

With all this that concerns the general style of performance, and its consequences, in the parish churches of London, we most cordially agree; and, while not accompanying the author to the full extent of his estimate of the difficulty of producing a good psalm-tune, are decidedly of opinion that his book contains several melodies which deserve, and, with any fair chance of acquaintance, will most probably attain that permanent congregational use which he so highly estimates.

MRS. SUNDERLAND AND THE BRADFORD FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—A good deal has been said lately in certain quarters, and has found its way into some of the local papers, respecting the alleged insults and slights said to have been heaped upon Mrs. Sunderland by me as Chairman of the Bradford Festival Committee. I have, since the Festival, not thought it worth while to take any notice of these things, but at length, yielding to the urgent solicitation of my friends, and for their satisfaction, I will now state the other side of the question, and shall be glad if you will give this letter a place in your columns.

To begin at the beginning, Mrs. Sunderland accepted an engagement to sing the solo in Mr. Jackson's new Psalm at the late Festival, with a promise that she should have another song, if possible, in one of the morning performances. This I undertook should be in a good position, and she not only left this matter entirely in my hands, but also the arrangement of her terms, the amount of which was not even hinted at during the interview.

Finding that the only song not appropriated was "If God be for us," in the *Messiah*, I wrote to ask if she would take it, as I had an idea that she would prefer another, having sung that at the Festival of 1853. However, she consented, and I got the detailed programmes into proof. In afterwards settling the entire scheme of the Festival with the conductor, it was found desirable to make some alterations, viz., in the third part of the *Messiah* to pass from the Trumpet song to the final Chorus; this arrangement, which is now almost universally adopted, rendered the song, "If God be for us," inapplicable. I therefore immediately wrote to Mrs. Sunderland to say that a change had been made in the programme, by which we should not require her to sing "If God be for us," but that instead, she might sing any song, "not absolutely frivolous," she liked, and have an excellent position for it on the Friday (selection) morning. And here I must allow I made a mistake in naming any song to Mrs. Sunderland until after the programme had been finally settled, a mistake easily made, considering the pressure of business at the moment, and which surely I had a right to rectify, seeing that it could be done not only without damage to the artist's position but actually to her advantage.

To resume. Mrs. S. refused to name any other song, or even to sing at the Festival at all, unless she was permitted to sing "If God be for us," on the ground that we had taken liberties with her in making such a change that we dared not venture to take with any other principal. I saw clearly she had taken a wrong view of the matter, and wrote in explanation (see the correspondence with Mrs. S. published in the *Musical World* of August 30th), asking for an answer by messenger and not to wait the post, as the printers were waiting to proceed with the programmes. Five or six days elapsed before I received the answer: in the meantime the printers were obliged to proceed, and some thousands were printed. This accounts for the programmes appearing giving Mrs. S. a song on the Friday morning—title blank. Well, the answer came at last, to the same effect as before—she would either sing "If God be for us," or nothing.

And here I must offer a few remarks, because it has been said that we had no right to make any change. I say most distinctly, that in the terms of her engagement I had the power of naming and placing her song, and equal power to make a change if necessary. Can any one deny to the committee of management, in these cases, the right to make such changes as the exigencies of the Festival may demand? If such a power is withheld, what will the arrangements of festivals, or even ordinary concerts, come to? Nothing but disorder and confusion. In this case, certainly, Mrs. Sunderland had no just cause of complaint, for she had a much better position offered to her, as every musician will allow, with the right, most dearly prized by all artistes, that of choosing her own song.

Objection was taken, as impugning Mrs. Sunderland's taste in sacred music, to the caution against choosing a "frivolous" song. My reason for this was that, as the programme then stood, her song would have to follow the solemn Credo of Mendelssohn, and to be followed by the equally solemn and stupendous chorus, "Hark, Death!" by Himmel, therefore a light song would have been out of place.

Further objection was also taken, and much clap-trap capital made, on the ground that we had passed a slight on Mrs. Sunderland, to make room for foreign artistes to sing in English oratorio. How stands the fact? Why not a single foreign *soprano* took part in any of the sacred oratorios during the whole Festival. And on Mrs. S.'s retirement, her place was filled by Miss Milner, another Yorkshire *artiste*, who had the honour to receive the most rapturous encore given during the morning performances, in the very position which Mrs. Sunderland had so disdainfully rejected.

Further explanations, the intervention of mutual friends, were tried, but all to no purpose; Mrs. S. was still resolute, and still held to that most unanswerable of all reasons, "I will because I will." It was even suggested to her, as we could not then alter our scheme so as to include this her cherished favourite in the programme of the *Messiah*, that she might sing it on the Selection Day; but this would not do: Mrs. Sunderland saying in effect, I'll over-rule the entire management and arrangements of the Festival; conductor, committee, and chairman, shall all give way to me; I'll have the *Messiah* done as I like it and not as they propose; in fact, the question began to assume this form, Whether are we, as managers of the Festival, to direct what is to be done by the parties engaged, and who expect to be paid for their services, or are they to insist upon singing what they like whether it is required or not? This question admits of only one answer; and having tried everything in our power to persuade our ill-advised friend to abandon her absurd position, but in vain, we gave it up, and allowed her to retire on her own terms.

I do not blame Mrs. Sunderland in this, so much as her friends about her, who had evidently their own purposes to serve in advising this course. I think that she had a perfect right to decline singing at the Bradford Festival, if she thought proper; but in so doing, she certainly did not adhere to the terms of her engagement, which were to sing in Jackson's Psalm, *certain*, and such other song, in a good position, as I could give her; I therefore say, and say it most distinctly, that her non-appearance at the Festival was the result of her own act and wish as stated in writing. And having thus voluntarily refused to accept the finest position for the display of her talents she ever had, she naturally felt disappointed and chagrined, and thought herself very badly used, especially when the stern fact began to dawn upon her mind that she had overshot her mark, and by her foolish obstinacy had shut herself out of the Festival. Yet I think this hardly gave her the right to say, or to allow other parties to say, that she had been ill-treated, wronged, and insulted by the Bradford Committee, and especially by me; still less could it be considered "dignified," or even professional, to allow her name and her self-created grievances to be used by interested parties with a view to damage the interests of a Festival in the honours of which she had of her own free-will refused to participate.

Truly, she stood much in need of the sympathy of her friends, and great efforts were made in certain quarters during the Festival week to get up demonstrations, promises being then made to her which no doubt will be remembered at the proper time.

I have here stated the case fairly and fully, admitting frankly, as will be seen, the only mistake that was made; this rendered a change in Mrs. Sunderland's Song unavoidable, but it had no more to do with intending or putting a slight on her than Tenterden Steeple had to do with causing the Goodwin Sands.

I now think that those parties who really wish to know the truth of this windy affair will see, if they have had the patience to wade through this epistle, that, after all, the Bradford Committee, with their Chairman, have not been quite so much in the fault as some parties have endeavoured to represent.

I now leave the matter, apologizing for the length of my letter, and thanking you for its insertion.

I am, sir, yours truly,

SAMUEL SMITH.

Field House, October 14th, 1856.

THE OPERA IN MELBOURNE.—The operatic season commenced on the 11th of June, the company embracing Madme. Anna Bishop, Mrs. Guerin, M.M. Coulon and Laglaise, Messrs. Howson, Lyall, and Hancock, assisted by an efficient chorus. *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Martha*, and *Der Frieschütz*, have been successively produced, with varying success; *Martha* having proved the most, and *Der Frieschütz* the least popular of the four. *Lucrezia Borgia* is to be the next operatic production. Three sacred concerts are to be given in the Theatre Royal by the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Coppin, jointly, on the 11th, 18th, and 25th of the present month, under the patronage of the acting Governor, the members of the executive, and the judges. These concerts promise to rival some of the musical festivals in England, and will constitute quite an epoch in the history of our progress in music in this colony. *A Benedictus*, composed and arranged by Mr. Nelson, and which is spoken very highly of by competent judges, forms part of the programme of the first concert.—*Melbourne Argus*.

MILAN.—Mdlle. Spezia has obtained great success in *Norma*. From her cavatina to the end of the opera, the applause was almost continuous.

LETTERS ON MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(From the Musical Critic of the "Morning Post.")

No. VII.

THE Mozart Festival must not be considered merely in the light of a series of concerts got up to attract the public, and to make merriment and money; neither are the various performances, however excellent, of primary importance. The British public cannot feel any very deep interest in the individual efforts of artists with whom they are unacquainted even by name, unless, indeed, some mighty genius were amongst them, which is not the case; and they know already that the best German bands and choirs, such as lent their aid to the celebration of this festival, are unsurpassingly fine. Still, the pomp, pageant, and circumstance of the scene, the glorious homage paid to the memory of a great man who whilst he lived was permitted to suffer all the pangs and degradation—nay, to an exquisitely sensitive mind like his—the agonies of poverty, cannot fail, combined with all the latent satire and lurking absurdity of the tardy ovation, to add an interesting and instructive page to the annals of art. Mozart, receiving one ducat (about 9s.) from a bishop of Passau for displaying his wondrous genius during five days (a celebrated modern singer will get "from" £50 per night)—Mozart, wretchedly paid and tyrannically persecuted for years by his "princely" employer, Archbishop Sigismund, of Salzburg—Mozart, bitterly lamenting the necessity of wasting his mighty powers upon "saleable" dances, tunes and other trifles for publishers—desperately borrowing money, as one of his biographers has it, "right and left" to keep the wolf from the door—wildly endeavouring by means of, to him perfectly incomprehensible, ledgers and day books, to bring his pecuniary affairs into something like order—Mozart, indefatigably working and nobly striving to the last—the fevered brain conceiving, the pale wasted fingers inditing, immortal prayers and praises to his God—the good, the gifted, the deeply religious Mozart dying in the early summer of his years, with nothing but his fame (airy food!) to leave to a widow and children—and Mozart in effigy on a lofty pedestal, illuminated by Bengal fires, with myriads of his admiring countrymen—including two potent kings, a queen, and an empress—at his stony feet, are certainly a valuable collection of historical pictures, although the last may shine forth in solemnly farcical contrast to the rest.

Mozart was gifted even from childhood with a wondrously comprehensive sympathy with the grand and beautiful in music, no matter of what time or school, and an extraordinary faculty for instantly seizing upon, and assimilating to his own nature, the most salient points of every composition with which he became acquainted, and of reproducing these in a novel form. Thus, the richly varied and solid harmony of the German, the flowing, vocal melody of the Italian, and the clear dramatic spirit of the French schools, are united in his works, although the lyrical element prevails, as it should do. Their best characteristics were absorbed, so to speak, by the warm, living sympathy of his universal mind, not coldly imitated, and the result of their reproduction in his works is perfection. If, therefore, a model is to be selected, Mozart is that model; for where can there be a greater or safer than that which includes all excellence—in which the loftiest beauties of art, in its fullest extent, are expressed in the most rational and intelligible forms? The pure, symmetrical genius of Mozart, too, happens to stand more directly, and obviously, in opposition to the prevailing vices of the present musical age than does that of any other great master, and should therefore prove the most efficacious corrective. When, as, now, melody has degenerated into vulgar tune, or is condemned altogether as a weakness—an amiable mistake—when form is despised as a burthen on the wings of imagination—when the realisation of so-called "dramatic" and "illustrative" expression is considered to justify any ugliness, or monstrosity—when extravagant far-fetched harmonies are most admired, and the fruitful resources of double counterpoint are only sought to be ignorantly caricatured, then the true, natural, and crystal-clear Mozart, who could always be "popularly" melodious without compromising the dignity of art—who could

display the most profound science without a tinge of stiffness or pedantry, faithfully express the most terrible emotions, and yet remain always beautiful, is assuredly the model *par excellence* by which those growing vandalisms of the day—intense vulgarity on the one side, with extravagance, obscurity, and ugliness on the other—should be judged, and, if possible, reformed.

These reflections impart, then, a peculiar interest to this festival, and a moral and artistic value to all the parade, and pomp, and bustle which would otherwise be worthy of no deeper attention than the hundred and one things of the kind which are constantly occurring in England and elsewhere. And so I welcomed with the rest those dense masses of singers as they gaily entered the hospitable gates of old Salzburg, with all their insignia, under waving banners, and brilliant garlands, amid the cheers of the populace. Their subsequent execution, too, of some of the best *lieder* of Mendelssohn, Storch (conductor of the chorus on this occasion), Schumann, Hiller, Lachner, and others, showed at once the "mettle of their pasture," and raised pleasurable anticipations, which were soon to be fully realised.

The night procession by torch-light to the Mozart statue was truly a thing to be remembered. The heavy tramp of hundreds of musical pilgrims over the old bridge, the flashing of more than two hundred torches upon the rapidly flowing Salzach, the rustling of countless banners, the illuminated windows of houses lying on the route, the "hum and shock" of the motley multitude, all pressing eagerly forward to pay homage to the memory of Mozart, formed a peculiar and most exciting scene, such as we may never witness again. When the singers had arrived at the Mozart-platz, they formed a circle round the colossal statue of the hero of the *fête*, and after a brief but eloquently solemn silence Herr Franz Lachner's "Fest-cantate," for male voices and wind instruments, was performed under his direction, the executants standing with uncovered heads, despite the fresh night breeze which was blowing rather keenly from the mountains.

The *cantata* is a clever composition, and perhaps one of the most solidly-wrought and musicianly productions of its not very highly gifted author. But surely something better might have been found for such an occasion. Where was the greatest living German composer, Louis Spohr? Would not he have been happy to employ his pen for such an event? But of this more anon. Herr Lachner's work was, however, admirably rendered, and adventitiously aided by the circumstances, and, if we may use the term "scenic adjuncts" of the performance, produced considerable effect.

Now the Bengal fires are lit, and Mozart shines in calmly resplendent majesty upon his lofty pedestal, amid the shouts of the surrounding multitude. The Gaisbergalpe, and Bürgelsteinstein, too, are bathed in pale blue light, and gay fire-works of various kinds career fantastically through the air "like disembodied joys, whose race is just begun." The Mozart Festival is fittingly inaugurated, and now we can return to our hotels, or repair to the Händel's Casino (liberally thrown open to the public for the nonce), eat "bifteck mit kartoffeln" and "nockerlen" (a delicious kind of cake made only in Salzburg), drink the pure wines of Hungary or the Rhine, or Bavarian beer, smoke bad tobacco (to oblige the Government), or hear more Lieder, or waltz with fair Tyrolese maidens until midnight, which is an awfully late hour for this part of the world. The music in the cathedral, on the following morning, consisting of Mozart's mass in C (1776, 19 Andre's catalogue), and the fugue "Pignus futuræ gloriæ," from the second Litany in E flat (1776), the solo parts in which were entrusted chiefly to amateurs, was certainly not worthily rendered, and the grand concert of the day in the Aula Academica (Mirabella palace) had little to distinguish it from any other grand concert, except it be that the programme consisted exclusively of works by Mozart.

I have already given you some account of these sacred and secular portions of the festival, and have little now to add. Madame Behrend Brandt, the prima donna, whose principal effort was the air in B flat, with clarinet *obbligato* (excellently played by Herr Bärmann), from *La Clemenza di Tito* (I forget the title), did not impress me very favourably, but it appears that the lady was indisposed, and so due allowance must be made

for her. The trio from *Idomeneo* was exceedingly well rendered, and Dr. Härtinger, although his once sweet voice is beginning to fail, did great justice to the air "Diess Bildness" (Care imagine), from *Die Zauberflöte*. But by far the most interesting performances, perfect, indeed, in every respect, were those of the great symphony in C, and the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*. The concluding movement of the former was taken slower than we are in the habit of playing it in England; but this is obviously more in accordance with the composer's intention, for, at the rapid speed we generally adopt, it is next to impossible for all the numerous contrapuntal devices and fugal imitations to stand out as clearly as they should do. The first violins and double basses were especially remarkable, and exhibited an excellence quite *hors-ligne* throughout the instrumental performances. Herr Lachner, who conducted with great steadiness and intelligence, was enthusiastically called for at the termination of the concert.

THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Translated from the German for Dwight's Journal.)
(Continued from p. 647.)

In singular contrast with his suffering condition was the humour which prevailed in some of Beethoven's letters in the first part of his life in Vienna. These letters were addressed to the kapellmeister Hofmeister, in Leipzig, who at that time, (1800) under the firm: "Hefmeister and Kühnel, Bureau de Musique," had commenced a correspondence with Beethoven. This correspondence adds an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven, who at that time, fired with restless activity, stood in the full bloom of his creative genius.

In a letter to Hofmeister, dated Dec. 15, 1800, Beethoven excused his delay in answering: "I am," wrote he, "extremely lazy as a correspondent; it takes a long time before I can bring myself to writing dry letters instead of notes. But now I have at length compelled myself to give you satisfaction. *Pro primo*, you must know, it pains me very much that you, my dear brother in musical Art, did not inform me earlier, so that I might have offered you my Quartets, as well as many other things, which I have now disposed of; and if my brother is as conscientious as many other honourable engravers (in German, *Stecker*, or *prickers*), who prick us poor composers to death, he would know how to find his account in publishing them. I will briefly state what the Herr Bruder may obtain of me. 1. A Septet *per il Violino, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Clarinetto, Corno, Fagotto—tutti obbligati*; for I can write nothing that is not *obbligato*, inasmuch as I came into the world with an *obbligato* accompaniment? 2. A Grand Symphony for full orchestra. 3. A Concerto for the piano, which to be sure I do not give out as one of my best, since I keep the best for myself until I make a journey. Yet it can do you no discredit to engrave this Concerto. 4. A grand Solo Sonata. This is all that I can produce at present. A little later you can have a Quintet for string instruments, and perhaps some quartets and other things, which I have not by me now. In your answer you can yourself fix the price, and since you are neither Jew nor Italian, nor I either, we shall readily agree."

Four weeks later, Jan. 15, 1801, Beethoven wrote to Hofmeister: "Right heartily I thank you for the good opinion which you have conceived of me and of my works, and I often wish I could deserve it. I rejoice in your undertakings, and I wish, if art can be the gainer, that this gain might rather accrue to the genuine, true artists, than to mere traders in the art. Your design of publishing Sebastian Bach's works is something that really does my heart good, which beats entirely for the high, great art of this great father of harmony. I hope, as soon as we shall hear the golden peace announced, to contribute to the undertaking much from here myself, if you take subscribers."

Beethoven's character shows an amiable side in this letter, through its disinterestedness. "As regards our own private business," he writes, "I make you, since you desire it, the following offers: For the Septet 20 ducats; the Symphony the

same; the Concerto 10 ducats; grand Solo Sonata, Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Rondo, 20 ducats; this Sonata has washed itself (*is comme il faut*), my dear brother. You will wonder, perhaps, that I make no difference here between the Sonata, Septet and Symphony. Because I find that a Septet or a Symphony has not so much sale as a Sonata; therefore I do this, although a Symphony should unquestionably be worth more. I set the Concerto down at only 10 ducats, because, as I have already written, I do not consider it as one of my best. I do not think that this will seem exorbitant to you, taking the whole together. At least I have tried to put the prices as moderate as possible to you. The whole sum would be 70 ducats for all my works. I understand no other currency but the Vienna ducats; how many thalers of your money that will make I know not, since I am a wretched *négociant* and accountant. If the sour business were only settled! I call it so, because I wish it might be different in the world. There ought to be a magazine of art, where the artist would only have to hand in his works of art, to take what he needs. But as it is so, one has to be half merchant, and how ill at home one feels in it! Good God! that is what I call sour."

In a letter to Hofmeister, 22nd April, 1801, Beethoven excused his long silence on the ground of his sickness and his excess of business. He writes: "It was scarcely possible even to think what I had to send to you. It is perhaps the only genius-like thing about me, that my things are not always in the best order; yet no one but myself can help the matter. Thus, for instance, in the score of the Concerto, the piano part, according to my custom, was not written, and I have but just now written it out, so that you have it in my own, not indeed very legible handwriting."

In this same letter he wrote: "The arrangement of the Mozart Sonata as a Quartet will do you honour, and will certainly remunerate. I could wish that I were able to contribute more myself on such occasions here, but I am an irregular man, and with the best will I forget everything. But I have here and there spoken of it, and find the best inclination towards it. I would be a nice thing, if the *Herr Bruder*, besides publishing the Septet, would also arrange the same for flute, for example, as Quintet. That would help the flute amateurs, who have already assailed me on the subject, and they would swarm around it and feed on it like insects. F— has presented us with a production, which does not correspond with the ideas the newspapers gave us of him. He seems to have made Casperle* his ideal, but without reaching him. Fine prospects these, under which we poor children of men here have to grow up!"

In a later letter, June, 1801, Beethoven, not without feeling, vindicated himself against a groundless accusation, which had cast an ambiguous light upon his thoroughly upright character. "I am a little astonished," he writes to Hofmeister, "at the message you have sent me through your business agent here. I might almost feel offended that you hold me capable of such a shabby trick. It would be another thing, if I had only sold my works to money-making traders, and had then made secretly another good speculation. But between artist and artist, it is rather severe to impute such a thing to me. The whole thing seems to me either entirely an invention, to try me, or else a mere suspicion. At all events I hereby inform you, that, before you had the Septet of me, I sent it to Herr Salomon in London, to play at his concert, purely out of friendship, cautioning him at the same time not to let it go into other hands, because I intended to have it printed in Germany; you can ask Salomon himself, if you think it necessary. But to give you one more proof of my integrity, I hereby assure you that I have sold the Septet, the Concerto, the Symphony and the Sonata to no one in the world but you, and that you can formally regard them as your own exclusive property, for which I pledge my honour. You can make use of this assurance in any way you will. Moreover, I believe Salomon was as little capable of the shabby trick of getting the Septet printed, as I was of selling it to him. I am so conscientious, that I have refused to several publishers the piano arrangement of the Septet, for which you had asked me. I

have also written to Salomon. But since I esteem your charge a mere report, which you caught up a little too credulously, I cannot close this letter otherwise than with some coldness towards so credulous a friend."

A humorous letter was received by the friend, with whom Beethoven was soon reconciled, on the 8th November, 1802. "Does the devil ride you altogether?" wrote Beethoven. "To propose to me to make *such* a Sonata! In the time of the revolutionary fever that might have been something! But now, when everything seeks to shove itself upon the track again, when Bonaparte has concluded the Concordat with the Pope—such a Sonata now! If it were a *Missa pro Sancta Maria*, a *tre voce*, or a Vesper, &c., why then I would take at once my pencil in hand, and with great pound notes write away at a *Credo in unum*. But, good God, such a Sonata in these newly commencing Christian times! Ho! ho! There, let me off, there can nothing come of it! Now for my answer in the quickest tempo! The lady can have a Sonata of me; also in an æsthetic regard in general I will follow her plan. For the price of five ducats she can keep the same for herself, for her own enjoyment, and neither she nor I shall publish the Sonata. After the expiration of a year it becomes mine again; i. e., I can and shall publish it, and the lady can, if she thinks she can find any honour in it, be asked to let me dedicate the work to her. How gladly would I give many things away! But only consider, friend, everything about me here is established, and knows precisely what he lives upon. But, good God, where will one establish such a *parvum talentum cum ego* at the imperial court?"

The humour which prevails in this letter of Beethoven, gave way again not seldom to a high degree of irritability, which had its chief ground in his oft-returning physical sufferings. It was about this time (1802), that he had completed, at Heiligenstadt, a village a mile and a half out of Vienna, his third Symphony, known under the title of *Sinfonia Eroica*. He often in his compositions thought of a definite object, although he used to laugh and scold about musical painting, especially the minuter sort. Even acknowledged master-pieces, such as Haydn's *Creation*, and his *Seasons*, were not spared in his censure; while at the same time he did not deny the great talent of Haydn, and gave him the deserved praise in his choruses. In the third Symphony he had in mind Bonaparte, while he was yet first Consul. He had an excellent idea of him then, and compared him with the greatest Roman Consuls. The Symphony lay written out in score upon his table. At the top of the title page stood the word "Bonaparte," and at the bottom "*Luigi van Beethoven*," but not a word more. Whether the intervening space was to have been filled out, and how, was quite unknown to Beethoven's friends. One of them brought him the news that Bonaparte had allowed himself to be proclaimed Emperor. Then Beethoven became furious and exclaimed: "Is he, too, nothing but an ordinary man? Now he, too, will trample all human rights under his feet, and be the slave of his ambition; he will seek now to place himself higher than all others, and will become a tyrant." With these words Beethoven seized the title-leaf of his Symphony, which lay upon the table, tore it asunder, and threw it on the floor. The first page was re-written and received the title: *Sinfonia Eroica*. Some time afterwards the Prince Lichnowsky in Vienna brought this Symphony of the composer, for his own use for some years. It was performed several times in his palace. It was there that Beethoven, who himself directed, once in the second part of the first Allegro, where there occur so many half notes, brought the whole orchestra so out of time, that they were obliged to commence the Symphony anew.

On the same evening Beethoven played a Piano Quintet, composed by him, with accompaniment of wind instruments. The celebrated oboist, Ram, from Munich, took part in it, and accompanied Beethoven's playing. In the last Allegro, at a pause before the theme commenced again, he took it into his head suddenly to improvise. He took the Rondo for a theme, and entertained himself and the listeners for a considerable time. But not so those who accompanied the piano-playing. They were in great perplexity. It was a ludicrous sight, when they, expecting every moment that he would begin again, put their instruments to their mouths, and then quietly took them away

* Jack-Pudding.

again. At length Beethoven was satisfied. He fell into the Rondo again. The whole company were in raptures.

When the Russian imperial kapellmeister Steibelt, who died at St. Petersburg in 1823, came after somewhat lengthy stay in Paris to Vienna, Beethoven's friends were anxious lest that then highly celebrated composer might damage the reputation he had acquired. Steibelt did not visit him. They met for the first time one evening at the house of Count Fries, where Beethoven produced a new Trio in B flat major for piano, clarinet and violoncello. Steibelt listened to it with a sort of condescension, and paid the composer a few compliments. Thereupon he played a Quintet of his own composition, improvised, and produced particularly a great effect by his *tremulandos*, which at that time were something quite new. Beethoven could no longer be induced to play. With equal success Steibelt a week later performed a Quintet in a concert at Count Fries's. He had studied out a brilliant Fantasia, and had chosen for a theme Beethoven's Trio. That excited his admirers and himself. He had now to go to the piano, and to improvise. As he passed along he took with him the violoncello part of Steibelt's Quartet, placed it bottom upwards on the desk, and with one finger drummed out a theme for himself from the first bars. Wounded and excited, he improvised so, that Steibelt, before he had ended, left the hall, and would never meet him afterwards; indeed, he made it a condition, before going anywhere, that Beethoven should not be invited.

Nothing crossed Beethoven more, than to have something go wrong in the performance of his works. Then he gave himself up to an irritability that knew no bounds. In a grand concert in the theatre at Vienna, where, besides his "Pastoral Symphony," a Fantasia of his for piano, orchestra and chorus was performed, the clarinetist in the variations of the concluding theme made by mistake a repetition of eight bars. Beethoven sprang up in a rage, and covered the members of the orchestra with loud invectives. Finally he cried out: "From the beginning!" The theme began again. They all fell in rightly, and the result was brilliant. But when the concert was over, the artists remembered the honourable titles which Beethoven had given them, and swore that they would never play again, if he was in the orchestra. But this lasted only until he again came forward with a new composition, when the curiosity of the musicians got the better of their anger.

How easily offended Beethoven was, was shown by his relations to a man to whom he owed a great part of his musical education. Mozart, Händel and Bach were his favourites. If anything lay upon his desk, it was sure to be compositions of one of these masters. On the contrary, he had always something to object to Haydn's music. It was for the most part a private grudge against that artist, dating from an earlier period. Beethoven's first attempt in composition was the three Trios before mentioned. They were to have been produced in a soirée at Prince Lichnowsky's, and several artists and dilettanti had been invited, among them Haydn, on whose judgment all depended. The trios were played, and produced a remarkable sensation. Haydn said some flattering things to the composer, but advised him not to publish the third Trio, in C minor. Beethoven had regarded this Trio as his best. Haydn's words, therefore, made a very unpleasant impression on him. He thought that Haydn was envious, and jealous of his reputation, and that he was not candid with him. In this he was mistaken. Haydn had dissuaded him from the publication of this trio merely because he thought it was not so easy, and would not be so quickly understood as the others.

In spite of all the representations of his friends, Beethoven was so unalterable in his dislike to Haydn, that he one day said he had learned nothing from him. From Albrechtsberger, as we have before said, he had received instruction in counterpoint, and from Salieri in dramatic composition. Both agreed that he was often wilful and ill-humoured. They maintained that he had had to learn many things through his own bitter experience, which he had formerly held of small account as matters of instruction. The introduction to dramatic composition, which Salieri gave him, after the taste of the Italian school, could not of course satisfy him. (To be continued.)

SUNDAY BANDS.—A parliamentary return has been issued, showing the number of memorials to the Queen for the stoppage of the Sunday bands. It appears that there were 111,309 signatures to 542 memorials, seven only of which came from public meetings, and but two from "associations." From different varieties of kirks in Scotland, assembly, free, synod, seceder, and presbyter, there were 26 memorials. While the Wesleyan Methodists sent no less than 98 memorials, the Primitive Methodists sent but one. The Church seems unrepresented in the list, unless that be done by two memorials from "clergy;" and from "clergy and others" 28 memorials. The "female inhabitants" of various places sent 377 different memorials. London, it might be supposed, would be largely represented, but 28 memorials, with under 8000 signatures out of the 111,309, are all that stand to the account of London. The report shows that 42 memorials, while asking for the stoppage of the military music on Sunday, ask also that the museums and Crystal Palace may be kept closed. Five only of these 42 memorials come from London and its neighbourhood, and two out of the five are described as from "mothers at Camberwell." There are some 27 memorials which pray her Majesty not only to withhold her sanction from the Sunday opening of the Museum, etc., but also "to put a stop to the assemblage of the higher classes in their equipages in the parks on Sunday." For some unexplained reason, the "drive" in Hyde Park seems peculiarly interesting to the county of Derby; for of the 27 memorials on the subject, over 20 are from various places in that county; the rest, strangely enough, are from Scotland. Only 34 memorials add to their prayer for the stoppage of military bands on Sunday, one for the closing of Kew Gardens; and two of these emanate from the pleasure-loving city of Bath, one with 3,639 signatures; the 32 others come from all parts of Suffolk.

ANCIENT IRISH BARDS.—The *Ollamhain Re Dan* (Bards of the ancient Irish) were panegyrists or rhapsodists, in whom the characters of the Troubadour and Jongleur of Provence seems to have been united. Each chieftain entertained in his castle one of these rhapsodists, who, while he, his family and guests in the great hall around the "groaning board," recited in verse to the accompaniment of his harp, the praises of his patron's ancestors, or the compositions of the ancient bards from whom he was himself descended. Sometimes the subjects of his songs, like many of Homer's narrations, were founded on hints taken from extravagant tales propagated long before his time; sometimes they were founded on facts; and often extemporaneous effusions of wit and humour flowed abundantly from him. The influence of their rhymes, too, as well as the boldness with which they poured them forth on all occasions, was most astonishing, and are well illustrated by the following anecdote. When the Earl of Kildare, while Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was summoned by the King (Henry VIII.) to England to answer certain charges brought against him, he entrusted the administration to his son, Lord Thomas. A rumour soon after the earl's departure being spread that he had been executed in the Tower, and that his whole family were threatened with the royal vengeance, this rash young man, by the advice of his associates, determined on revenging the injuries of his family. While Cromer, who was both Primate and Chancellor, was pathetically representing to him the rashness, weakness, and iniquity of his intended enterprise in a council assembled in St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin, Nelan, a bard who waited in his train, interrupted the exhortation by chanting forth, in his country rhymes, the praises of Lord Thomas, extolling his greatness, chiding his delay, and calling upon him to take immediate revenge in the field for the injuries of his family. These effusions had unhappily a greater influence than the sage counsels of the prelate, and the young Geraldine rushed forth at the head of his Irish train.

LITERATURE NOT OVERLOOKED.—Mrs. A'Beckett, widow of the late gifted magistrate, has been considerably and liberally granted by the noble premier a pension of £100 per annum. Lord Palmerston's liberality has been further shown in the gift of £100 towards the maintenance of Mr. Angus B. Reach.—*Daily News.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1856.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—An amateur who loves music for itself, and not by line and rule, nor in obedience to the principles of theorists and dogmatists of whatever class, will find much to displease and more to perplex him if at the present time he ventures on a trip through certain of the German cities, in search of new signs and facts connected with his favourite pursuit. The system now is to *talk* music rather than to make it; and to such an extent does this prevail, that wherever you may go, you are sure to encounter young men—who should still be working hard at contrapuntal exercises—lost in abstractions and sophisticating about things which either come naturally or not at all, and if naturally, stand in no need of theories to explain them.

There are two things necessary to form a great composer—genius and art. The first is a gift from above, and cannot be attained by any amount of labour; the last is the result of labour only—although of course organisation has a great deal to do with the more or less facility attending its acquirement. In the actual state of things, the mechanical work which leads to a knowledge of the sacred springs of art, and the method of their application, is neglected or overlooked. The gradual process by means of which good musicians have hitherto been fashioned is laid aside for another. Instead of beginning at the beginning, students are taught to theorise about the end; and the result is, that they attempt compositions on a large scale before they have mastered the rudiments of harmony, or are acquainted with its inevitable laws. What would the old Italian *maestri* have said to such a state of things?

The pernicious doctrine of a certain knot of men, whom it were an offence to denominate musicians, are diffusing poison throughout the length and breadth of musical Germany. I say *musical* Germany advisedly; for it must not be thought in England that the productions of these self-constituted arbiters are *popular*. On the contrary, the people are getting bored, and from such clamorous boasters already ask for fruits. But it is painful to observe the artistic mind of a country which has done so much as Germany for music, debauched to an extent that threatens the ultimate extermination of the art as an independent medium of expression. It is no use blinking the truth. Nearly all the rising musicians—even those from whom better things might have been expected—are tainted in a greater or lesser degree. The elders of the profession alone, whose reputations, solidly acquired, are nevertheless in peril, endeavour to make a stand. The new school looks with contempt upon every living composer who works out of the pale of their authority. As for the mere “butterflies,” whose productions are sold in thousands, and everywhere known, they are not even acknowledged to exist; and yet I make so bold as to suggest that certain of them are better skilled practitioners than any of the “*Zukunft*.”

One of the ways of preaching adopted by the “*Zukunft*” is to attack great men who have obtained the ear and the sympathies of the civilised world—men who have lived among them, and yet escaped contagion. Among such, Mendelssohn, who is dead, and Meyerbeer, who lives and continues to write in contempt of them, are the principal

scape-goats. Poor Meyerbeer gets no quarter. Mendelssohn is treated with a little more deference, but still in a manner quite unworthy. At Hanover, after hearing several pieces of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, on the pianoforte, I asked the performer for something of Mendelssohn. He seemed abashed, and as he did not comply, I concluded that he was acquainted with nothing by that master. But I was indeed surprised on overhearing him address one of the company (in German) to this purport:—“Oh, he is an Englishman, and the English like Mendelssohn.” In the same town I heard the most absurd opinions with regard to Mendelssohn, and some proceeding from quarters which made me all the more regret the revelation of such unsound doctrines. Among other things, Mendelssohn “was *weak* when he wrote *Elijah*, which did not realise the promise of *St. Paul*.” “Do you consider *St. Paul* a great work?”—I enquired. “By no means,” was the reply; but it is better than *Elijah*.” “Have you ever heard *Elijah*?” “No—I have *read* it.” Which fact I doubted at the time, and doubt still. These absurdities, however, came from an “*ultra*” of the *Zukunft*; but others, equally inexplicable, were derived from very different sources. The posthumous works, for instance, that bear the name of Mendelssohn, are one and all condensed. The symphony in A major is pretty—the *andante* particularly—but otherwise feeble, and not “in the style of symphony.” (Schumann is Beethoven’s successor.) The fragments of *Christus* are utterly ignored; “it is lucky for Mendelssohn’s fame, indeed, that his third oratorio remained unfinished” (!). The *finale* from *Loreley* is “feeble and common-place; it was well for his reputation that he did not live to complete that work” (!). Even the quartet, No. 6 (the gigantic F minor), is abused in all sorts of unintelligible jargon. Reduced at last to abandon the latter productions, our unfortunate Englishman, who “likes” Mendelssohn, is condemned to fall back upon the earlier. In answer to the strange assertion that Mendelssohn was “no genius, and produced nothing new in art,” the Englishman points triumphantly to the music of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, and the *scherzi*. “The *Midsummer Night’s Dream* is good; but it is not *Shaksperian*” (the Germans of the *Zukunft* know more about Shakspeare than we in England, who pronounce Mendelssohn’s music eminently *Shaksperian*)—“it is not *Shaksperian*. Shakspeare’s sprites are more substantial,” etc. The “*scherzi*” are nothing new, since Beethoven exhausted that form, and Mendelssohn merely composed movements in *four* instead of three measure. Add so on *in perpetuum*, until the unsophisticated, who believes that music can be felt and loved, without much diving after the *wherefore*, staggered at such novel manifestations, relinquishes the argument with a shrug.

The most lamentable feature in this modern state of musical misappreciation is the influence produced by it upon the naturally pensive mind of the young German, who, in many instances, shows proof of having been born to a healthier taste. Now, however, instead of devoting his best years to study and its practical development, he passes them in contemplation and talking what he ought rather to be doing. A sheet of music-paper, well covered with exercises in counterpoint, would avail more than a whole year’s rumination on the “Posthumous Quartets,” and confabulations with Liszt and Robert Schumann. There is time enough, however, for one or two, who began differently, to return to their *premiers amours*, and better honour the gifts with which they are endowed. They will then be brought to see,

and to acknowledge, that the reasoning of "New Weimar" would have been more to the purpose had it been logical, instead of being the very essence of caprice. Where the deductions are wholly antagonistic to the premises—which with the "*Zukunft*" is as often the case as not—and where would-be reformers of an art are wholly ignorant of its first principles, the position cannot be long maintained. However false eloquence may prevail for a time, however an affectation of closeness and mystery may pass for depth, the day must come when the trick fails and the cheat is detected. One thing has been well proved; the "*Zukunft*" can do nothing except preach; they, at least, are unable to write music. Meanwhile, however, how deplorable for the country which produced Händel, Mozart, and Beethoven, to be even the temporary stage of such a rank imposture. It behoves every true musician to make head against it—not merely by showing up the most notorious of the "*Zukunft*" in their proper light, but by arguing earnestly with all young artists who, from excess of modesty, or a momentary obliquity of mental vision, are become the victims of their sophistry and the stepping-stones of their advancement. Perhaps when the great festival in commemoration of Händel is given at Halle, it may be in some respect the means of purifying Weimar, and Gotha, and Leipsic. Only fancy the place of Händel's birth being immediately contiguous to those head quarters of the Philistines!

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Brunswick, October 14.

* Such is the appellation self-conferred upon themselves by a number of young gentlemen who counterfeit the hair, the carriage, and the opinions of Dr. Liszt, in the small town of Weimar.

INAUGURATION CONCERTS AT THE NEW FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

(Condensed from the Manchester Examiner and Times.)

As we have before stated, in reference to the concerts now being given in our noble hall, one main feature in their arrangement is the individuality of character marking the programme of each night, by which means almost every taste may be gratified; for there is variety of taste in the selection of music as in that of a picture or of a bonnet. The programme of Saturday, therefore, would be likely to attract another class of audience from that of Friday; but whether such was the case or not, the great hall was again filled, and the expression of enjoyment so enthusiastic that it appeared like a continued ovation. The first overture, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, was played with an evident knowledge and appreciation of its beauty; but a greater number of stringed instruments would have improved its colouring. Miss F. Huddart sang "The green trees," by Balfe, and on being encored, "The Reapers," by the same writer—two fine songs, full of the right spirit—with a nice appreciation. In the selection of the fine old Irish ballad, "Savourneen dheelish," Miss Huddart showed real dramatic feeling. The singing of Mr. Reeves throughout the night, from the delicate "Good night!" (one of Balfe's very best ballads) to the thrilling "War Song," from *Elfrida*, and Purcell's "Come if you dare," deserved the enthusiasm with which it was received. Madame Enderssohn sang the Jacobite song, "Cam' ye by Athol," with great spirit, and was encored. The present was the first public appearance of Miss Arabella Goddard in Manchester. We shall have little faith in musical directors if they allow it to be her last. She is a pianiste possessing the highest qualities of her art; brilliant in touch, and full of delicate, we may say poetic, feeling. Nothing could have been more pleasing to the musician than her manner of reading Beethoven's Choral Symphony, which, but for a little wavering on the part of the choir, would have stood amongst the gems of the evening. Equally

talented was her playing of Thalberg's airs from the *Giovanni*, which she substituted for Madame Ourry's arrangement from *La Traviata*. The choir sang a couple of unaccompanied pieces—"The last rose of summer," harmonised, and Pearsall's "O who will o'er the downs so free," in a manner that made even the most critical citizen feel proud of them; and the orchestra gave the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, as well as some other portions of the programme, with precision and power. A word for Mr. Case, whose instrument—the concertina—is considered by certain portions of the musical world as scarcely legitimate. The encore he received was the best evidence of the pleasure he afforded.

MADLE PICCOLOMINI IN DUBLIN.

(From the "Freeman's Journal," Wednesday, October 15.)

THEATRE ROYAL—THE ITALIAN OPERA.—The first of the three operas constituting the *répertoire* of the brief engagement effected by Mr. Harris with the *artistes* of Her Majesty's Theatre was presented yesterday evening, at the Theatre Royal, before an overflowing audience. In the interior every compartment of the house was filled to the utmost capacity. The boxes were densely thronged, and the dress circle displayed a most crowded array of fashionable persons of both sexes. There was good reason for this crowded assemblage. In the first place, apart from the magic attraction which the name of "Italian opera" possesses, the announcement of an opera new to the Dublin stage, its music the work of a composer whose genius has not been thoroughly understood or generally appreciated; secondly, the fame of the opera itself; and, lastly, and above all, the personation of its leading character by a young *prima donna* of acknowledged talent, both as vocalist and actress, coming before a Dublin audience for the first time. Apart from the charm of music, there is in the simple plot of *La Traviata* an abundance of *matériel* for the exercise and display of dramatic genius. How Madlle. Piccolomini availed herself of the opportunities afforded her last evening can be best told by the vast audience, many of whom were moved even to tears by the deep feeling and pathos, and not less by the splendid semblance of reality with which she invested every tone that fell from her lips in the tragic passages, and which characterised every movement and gesture of hers throughout a series of scenes fraught with the very poetry of passionate love, hopeless bereavement, and forgiving tenderness. The first appearance of La Piccolomini on the Dublin stage was hailed with one unanimous burst of welcoming plaudits. The first cheer had scarcely subsided when another was called for and cordially responded to. Another and another followed, whilst the young *prima donna* could only bow to all sides of the house, and bend in graceful acknowledgment of the gratitude which she evidently felt at such a reception.

The voice of La Piccolomini was first heard in "Ah, fors'è lui," and in the aria "Sempre libera." She was heard with silent delight, and as her voice ceased to ring on the ear, peals of applause burst from the audience. It was in the third and last act, however, that the full splendour and beauty of Madlle. Piccolomini's voice, and the consummate taste and power of her acting were most fully manifested. We may say at once that her entire recitative throughout the whole trying scene in the sick chamber, where the last act is laid, was a succession of thrilling musical effects, illustrating a piece of acting the most intensely and painfully natural that we have ever witnessed. Who of last night's audience can forget the very attitude of the dying girl, as like the pale moon from behind a white-fringed cloud, she glided from her couch to a chair; or her sobs of agony and hectic cough breaking in on her plaintive song? Who can forget her burst of delirious joy as she sees her lover and flings herself on his breast? But these passages may not be described. They should be witnessed in order to form even an idea of the grandeur with which the genius of this young *artiste* invested the apparently common theme of a young girl dying of a broken heart. The ruined and desecrated shrine about to be deserted by the guileless spirit that dwelt within it. The closing duet with Mr. Charles Braham, "Parigi, o Cara," was delight-

ful. The dying scene was witnessed with intense emotion by the audience. One lady swooned in the upper boxes. At the fall of the curtain the young *prima donna* was led forth, and bouquets fell in fragrant heaps at her feet, whilst peal after peal of cheering echoed through the house. We believe it will be admitted that so cordial a greeting has been rarely accorded to any *debutante* on the Dublin stage as that which was conferred on Mdlle. Piccolomini last evening. This marked and enthusiastic reception was, perhaps, in some measure due to a reaction in the public mind against the sweeping denunciations which for some time past have been levelled against the opera of *La Traviata*.

LA TRAVIATA.

THE following correspondence has passed between a Roman catholic clergyman of Dublin and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on the subject of the opera of *La Traviata*, which is to be produced in Dublin this evening:—

"To his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, etc.

"Blackrock, Dublin, Oct. 9.

"My Lord,—I do myself the honour of soliciting your Excellency's authority, as not alone chief governor of Ireland in civil and public affairs, but also as guardian of the public morals of the Irish people, to cause to be prohibited the exhibition on the Dublin stage of that most immoral and dangerous opera, *La Traviata*, which is advertised to be performed on next Tuesday, the 14th instant, in the Theatre Royal, Dublin. My Lord, your Excellency is, of course, aware of the just and salutary reprobation of this truly infamous opera by the most able and distinguished portion of the London and English press—the *Times*, of the 9th and 11th of last August; the *Spectator*, of the 2nd of August; the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, the *Leader*, the *Era*, of the 17th August, etc. The subject of this vile opera is prostitution; the heroine is Violetta, a public, professed prostitute, whose rôle and career in infamy is to be personated by Mdlle. Piccolomini, and this, my lord, before and in presence of the ladies, mothers, and daughters and youth of Dublin, 'on the Theatre Royal, Dublin.' My lord, I respectfully entreat you to interpose your vice-regal authority to save the public morals of the people of Dublin from such a gross outrage to their Christian and moral feelings, and have the honour to be, my lord, your Excellency's obedient humble servant,

"JOHN MAC HUGH, Chaplain."

To the above his Excellency vouchsafed the following reply:—

"Bushmills, Oct. 11, 1856.

"Rev. Sir,—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to inform you, in reference to your letter of the 9th inst., that his Excellency does not imagine he can exercise any control in the matter, nor has he reason to believe that the opera in question is more exceptionable than others which are constantly performed without objections being made to them.

"I am, rev. sir, your very obedient servant,

"FREDERICK HOWARD.

"Rev. John Mac Hugh."

The reverend gentleman addressed a similar note to Major Bagot, chamberlain to the Lord Lieutenant, on the 6th inst., and was honoured with an almost similar reply.

MADAME RISTORI.—It is reported that Madame Ristori, the eminent tragic actress, contemplates purchasing the house and furniture of Mdlle. Rachel, which are advertised for sale. There is also a report that she has formed the audacious project of presenting herself at the Théâtre-Français, as a candidate for the tragic sceptre abandoned by Rachel; but as she cannot speak French without a strong foreign accent, and as the declaiming of Racine and Corneille with a foreign accent is a thing that would shock French ears, it is doubted whether she will be allowed by the authorities to carry her project into effect.

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—The second *soirée* took place on Wednesday last. The instrumental feature of the programme was Haydn's quartet, in D minor, capably executed by Messrs. Jansa, Zerbini, jun., Goffrie, and Paque. A duet from the *Magic Flute* was given with good effect by Miss Wagner and Signor Gregorio. Schubert's Ave Maria and serenade was performed on the violoncello by M. Paque. Mendelssohn's pianoforte quartet was played by Messrs. Tedesco, Jansa, Goffrie, and Paque, and won great applause. Miss Williams sang an aria from *Figaro*, and Mr. Seymour the romance, "Piu biamo," from the *Huguenots*, Mr. Goffrie playing the obligato viola part. Herr Tedesco was encored in his nocturne and carnival, when he played another *morceau*. Herr Jansa's two impromptus deserve notice, as they were as effectively played as they are well written and pleasing. The concert ended with Mozart's sestet, "Sola in bujo loco," sang by Mesdames Rowland, Wagner, Williams, Mr. Williams, and Signori Gregorio and Lorenzo. The next *soirée musicale* is announced to take place on Wednesday, October the 29th.

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Messrs. Boosey and Sons, of London, ought certainly to receive a vote of thanks from all lovers of music here, for the treat they afforded them on Tuesday night, by giving a capital and cheap concert in Saint George's Hall, at which they introduced Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Balfe. The former had already achieved a high reputation in Liverpool, from her admirable performances on a previous occasion at our Philharmonic Hall; but the jovial little composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, &c., had not appeared in Liverpool *en artiste* for, I don't like to say, how many years before. The other artistes were Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. George Case. Miss Arabella Goddard's inimitable performance, though—it must be owned—too refined for so vast a hall, filled by 3,000 people of all classes, was intensely appreciated by the connoisseurs, who judiciously applauded so rare a display of executive brilliancy and exquisite taste and feeling. The vocalists, and Mr. Case on the concertina, were variously encored, and Mr. Balfe, on appearing to sing two of his own more recent compositions, received a hearty welcome, creditable alike to himself and the audience.—The second of the People's Concerts, at St. George's Hall, last Saturday evening, went off with great *éclat* before a vast audience. These concerts have become a "great fact." Mr. Best's performance on the great organ, though given three times a-week, still continues as attractive as ever.—At the Clayton Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton's "Illustrative Proverbs," also continues to increase in popularity.—Next week we are to be favoured with a brief glimpse of La Piccolomini, who appears on Tuesday night in *La Traviata*, at the Theatre Royal.—J.H.N.

HASTINGS.—The concert given at the Assembly Rooms, St. Leonards, on Tuesday week, was attended by one of the largest and most distinguished audiences ever seen in these towns. The talent engaged was exclusively English, Mad. Enderssohn, Miss F. Huddart, and Mr. Sims Reeves in the vocal department; Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. G. Case in the instrumental, with Mr. Balfe as the conductor, represented the artists. The performance opened with Leslie's vocal trio, "Memory," charmingly sung by Mad. Enderssohn, Miss Huddart, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mad. Enderssohn next sang Frank Mori's song "La Vivandière." Miss Arabella Goddard then made her *début* before a Hastings' audience in Mad. Oury's fantasia, "*La Traviata*." Her marvellous playing was greeted with rapturous applause. Mr. Sims Reeves obtained two encores, the first in "Bonnie Jean," the second in Balfe's serenade, "Good night, beloved," a charming composition, full of grace and sentiment. "Nobil donna," from *Les Huguenots*, gave Miss Fanny Huddart an opportunity to display the deep tones of her contralto voice. A brilliant fantasia on airs from Balfe's opera of *The Bohemian Girl*, was exquisitely played on the concertina by Mr. George Case. Mad. Enderssohn and Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Parigi o cara," from *La Traviata*, with much effect. Two of Balfe's far-famed songs, "The Arrow and the Song," and "The Happiest Land," were given by the composer himself; a round of hearty applause burst forth as he crossed the platform to take his seat at the piano. The most astonishing effort of the occasion was

Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of Liszt's fantasia on the music of the skating scene in *Le Prophète*. The ease with which the difficulties of this elaborate composition were overcome—the distinctness of character and colouring given to the different subjects—the strength and fulness with which the leading melody in the concluding movement was brought out—and, above all, the finished expression which the fair *artiste* threw into this melody, in the midst of its formidable scale running accompaniment, which all the while dropped out with the most pearly clearness and delicacy, was a feat scarcely to be equalled by any bravura pianoforte player of the day, rarely, if ever indeed, surpassed by Liszt himself, or Mad. Pleyel, with whom this fantasia was an especial favourite. A loud encore was called from all parts of the room at the close of this splendid exhibition of Miss Goddard's powers, to which she responded by playing a "Polka brillante" by Wallace. "Prendi per me" afforded Mad. Enderssohn an opportunity of displaying the power and compass of her fine voice. A beautiful duet by Balfé, given by Mad. Enderssohn and Miss Huddart, brought the concert to a close with *éclat*.—*Hastings and St. Leonards' News*, Oct. 10.

SHEFFIELD.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The Boosey troupe (engaged by Mr. Butterworth) gave a concert at the Music Hall, on the 10th instant, and met with an enthusiastic reception. The programme was as follows:—Trio, "Memory," Leslie; song, "The Vivandière," Mori; fantasia—pianoforte, *La Traviata*, Oury; ballad, "Bonny Jean," Linley; song, "The Summer bloom," Hay; aria, "Prendi per me," Donizetti; solo—concertina, Case; duet, "Parigi, o cara," Verdi; caprice—pianoforte, "Fairy fingers," Holmes; song, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," Hündel. The remainder of the concert consisted of a selection from Mr. Balfé's recent compositions, including "This is the place," "The reaper and the flowers," "The happiest land," "The arrow and the song," "Good night, beloved," and the duet, "Trust her not." Miss Arabella Goddard electrified the audience with her exquisite playing, which we only regretted to see wasted upon Mad. Oury's Fantasia and Holmes's "Fairy fingers." An unmistakable encore followed both pieces, but was gracefully declined in the first instance; the second there was no resisting, and the fair *artiste* substituted the *Puritani* Fantasia, by Emile Prudent, which she rendered with delightful effect. Mr. Sims Reeves gave "This is the place," and "Good night, beloved," in his usual artistic manner, and deservedly won the hearty encore which was awarded to both. Of Mr. Balfé's songs we cannot speak too highly, and when we say that they are worthy the talented composer of our best modern operas, we pay him the highest compliment in our power. He sang "The happiest land," and "The arrow and the song," in a most spirited and effective manner. Miss Huddart was warmly applauded, and compelled to repeat "The reaper and the flowers;" and Mr. Case's Concertina Solo was similarly honoured. The re-demand for "Revenge" (sung by Mr. Butterworth) might be characterised as a "local *bis*." The attendance was not so large as could be wished, owing in a great measure to the attractions of a Bazaar for the School of Art, which had absorbed all Sheffield for some days, and partly to there having been rather a surfeit of amusements lately.

LEICESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The second of Mr. Nicholson's concerts for the season took place on Wednesday evening, in the New Music Hall, and was pronounced to be one of the best ever given in Leicester. The troupe—the Boosey one—consisted of Madame Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Case, and Mr. Balfé. Such a combination of talent could not fail to secure a full room. Miss Goddard made her first appearance in this town, and created a perfect *furor*. Mr. Balfé also made his *début* in Leicester, and was received with an enthusiasm due to his well-won reputation. The other artists have visited Leicester previously; Mr. Sims Reeves on several occasions. It is, however, no reflection on the previous visits of our great tenor, to say that he was never heard to so great an advantage as on Wednesday evening. He was encoired in every song, and the delight of the audience knew no bounds. Miss Huddart and Madame Enderssohn both sang their music with true artistic

skill, and, notwithstanding a long journey from Brighton, were in excellent voice. Mr. Case was loudly encoired in his concertina solo. Mr. Balfé sang two songs in the last part of the concert, which consisted of Longfellow's songs set to music by the eminent composer himself, who also presided with his usual ability at the pianoforte.

HARROWGATE.—The last of Mr. Gordon's concerts for the season was given in the Royal Cheltenham Pump Room on Thursday evening, and, notwithstanding the late period, was fashionably attended. The artistes engaged were—vocalists, Mrs. Edward Page, Miss Amelia Bellot, and Mr. Edward Page (all of the Manchester concerts); instrumentalists, Mr. Nicholson (flautist), and Mr. Page (pianoforte). The programme was excellent. Mr. Nicholson (an old favourite here) was very warmly received, and his splendid performance of an elaborate fantasia for the flute elicited a general demand for its repetition. Mr. Gordon has had an excellent season, a fitting reward for his exertions in so successfully catering for the amusement of the visitors to Harrowgate.—*Leeds Mercury*, Oct. 11.

NORTHAMPTON.—On Tuesday last Mr. Charles Salaman delivered a very interesting lecture at the rooms of the Religious and Useful Knowledge Society to a large audience, on "Music in connection with the Dance from a period of remote antiquity to the present time." Miss Ellen Williams, a vocalist of much talent, illustrated the lecture, and was encoired in several of her songs. Mr. Salaman is evidently a cultivated musician, as a lecturer clear and distinct, and his language chaste and elegant.

BRIGHTON.—The committee and friends of the Brighton Athenæum, with the view of aiding the funds of the Institution, engaged Mr. Charles Salaman, the talented pianist, to deliver a lecture, last Wednesday, on "Music in connection with the Dance, from a remote period to the present time." We were glad to see the room crowded, the promoters of the entertainment having adopted a wise course in putting moderate charges for admission. The lecture contained a great many interesting facts and anecdotes in connection with the ancients, and the musical illustrations in such hands as those of Mr. Salaman, Mr. Cooper, one of our best English violin players, and Miss Milner, a pleasing vocalist, were admirably rendered. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Salaman dealing with the quaint character of the ancient dance music in a very amusing manner. Then there was the advantage of an admirable arrangement of the original airs by Mr. Macfarren and Mr. Salaman himself. Altogether, the lecture was of a very pleasing character, and gave evident satisfaction to all present. We are happy to hear that the result will be an immediate benefit to the funds of the Institution of about £20.

THE SUNDERLAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT HUDDERSFIELD.—The dispute between the "Yorkshire Queen of Song," and the Bradford Festival Committee, which resulted in the withdrawal of Mrs. Sunderland's name from the programme at the late festival, is familiar to newspaper readers. No sooner had the Bradford Festival closed than her admirers in various parts of Yorkshire decided upon holding festivals to her honour. Foremost amongst them was Huddersfield, with which town she has been identified during the last twenty years. A committee of management was formed, who decided upon having a morning and evening concert; and arrangements were entered into with Miss Witham, Miss Julia Bleadon, Miss Freeman, Miss Crossland, Mr. Miranda, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Lawler, Mr. H. Phillips, Signor Picco, and the London Orchestral Union, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, together with the Yorkshire chorus singers resident in the district. The Philosophical Hall having been recently redecorated, decided upon holding the concerts in the hall yesterday (Thursday). Before the day appointed, every ticket for both performances was taken. For the morning performance the oratorio of the *Messiah* was selected. All the artistes were well received. The choruses were well rendered by the band and chorus. Perhaps the only fault in the whole performance was that the band was rather too weak for the chorus.—(Correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*.)

DRAMATIC.—The production of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Princess's on Monday last turned out a great success, and was lauded by the whole press. The entire (?) of Mendelssohn's music was introduced, and the whole strength of the *troupe*—minus Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean—involved in the performance. How Mendelssohn's ethereal and elaborate music fared in the execution at the Princess's theatre, we need not inform such of our readers as have heard the band and chorus of that establishment. To those who have not heard them it were an impossibility. We shall say no more than that it displayed but small reverence in Mr. J. L. Hatton, the director of the music, for the name of the great composer, to recommend the performance of his work at the Princess's. Far better had he counselled going back to Bishop or Horn, whichever has written the songs and incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Nevertheless, a great success was achieved, but with this success Shakspeare had little to do and Mendelssohn nothing. —**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Among Shakspeare's best plays there is none that has been so little seen on the stage as *Timon of Athens*. Its only production worth recording (until it was produced five years ago at Sadler's Wells) was for Edmund Kean, and this revival is understood to have been a failure. The re-production of the play last Saturday, by Mr. Phelps, was attended, as usual, by an audience crowded to excess. The scenery, appointments, and costumes are entirely new. *Timon* is unquestionably one of Mr. Phelps's most striking portraiture. His best passage was his burst of indignation at the end of the third act, in which the free and open nature of *Timon* is exchanged for the withering cynicism of the misanthrope; but the change of manner should first become visible in the short previous scene, in which he bids his guests welcome to the mock feast. In singular contrast to *Timon* is his fellow cynic and scoffer *Apemantus*. This play affords no traditional readings to aid the actor's conceptions. Mr. Marston's manner and appearance formed a very epitome of slatternly and curish misanthropy.

THE ACTOR v. THE EDITOR.—AN UNREHEARSED SCENE IN THE BRIGHTON THEATRE.—A curious scene occurred in this theatre on Wednesday evening, during the performance of the comedy of *Still Waters Run Deep*, in which Mr. G. Vining, as Captain Hawkesley, animadverted upon the conduct of the editor of the *Brighton Guardian* in reference to the criticisms which appeared in that paper of that day. In the course of the performance he remarked, "Swindler as I am, adventurer, ruffian—I might be something worse—I might even sink so low as to become the editor of the *Guardian*—that butcher, who makes his paper a dramatic slaughter-house; and such a critic, before going to a theatre, should swallow half a box of antibilious pills." At the conclusion, when being led off the stage handcuffed, he observed, "I'm going across the herring-pond; if justice were done the editor of the *Guardian*, he would have to accompany me." After the piece was over, Mr. Vining, being loudly called for before the curtain, explained to the audience that the editor of the journal in question had for many years been in the constant habit of abusing the theatre and every one connected with it. That a paragraph had appeared that day "cutting him up" in Captain Hawkesley, a part which he had had the honour of performing before her Majesty, and for upwards of 150 nights in the metropolis, with the highest encomiums from the press, and some of the most distinguished literary men of the day. He concluded his address by entreating the audience not to put any faith in what appeared in the columns of the *Guardian*, for that was invariably false; that the editor of that journal had been burnt in effigy upon the stage on which he stood; that he had been publicly horse-whipped in the streets for abusing an actor in a part which he never performed; and this he urged, not for his own sake (for having passed the ordeal of a London audience, the editor of the *Guardian* could not possibly injure him), but for the sake of his brothers and sisters in the profession, who could not, for local reasons, defend themselves from his unmanly attacks. The address, which created much amusement, was received with vehement applause.—*Daily News.*

MDLLE. CERITO.—At one of the last representations at the great theatre at Moscow, at the close of the ballet *Les Filles de Marbre*, in which Mdlle. Cerito appeared, one of the posts supporting the scenery fell upon the charming *danseuse*, threw her down, and injured her shoulder. Her light dress took fire, but assistance was promptly rendered, and happily Mdlle. Cerito escaped with but slight injury.

PARIS.—Madame Médori has, at length, made her first appearance at the Grand-Opéra. The part selected for the occasion was that of Héline in Signor Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*. She was greatly applauded throughout, and, though not equal to her predecessor, Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, or rather the Baroness Vigier, the original representative of the part, fully deserved the approbation bestowed on her. The emperor and empress were present. *Le Trouvère* (*Il Trovatore*) will probably give rise to legal proceedings between the Grand-Opéra and the Théâtre-Italien. Each of these two establishments claims the exclusive right of representing the work, and each asserts its ability to produce agreements in support of its pretensions. Let us hope that all will be settled in the most favourable way for the interests of the public. Meanwhile, *Il Trovatore*, which was announced at the Théâtre-Italien, could not be given on account of the opposition of Signor Verdi.—At the Opéra-Comique, Mad. Cabel has made a hit as Catherine in *L'Étoile du Nord*. The Parisian press, or, at least, the larger portion of it, speaks in glowing terms of her success.—A morning paper announces that it is the intention of Government to allow a *subvention* to the four principal provincial theatres.—The following is a list of the sums paid for places taken beforehand at the different theatres of Moscow, during the late coronation fêtes: Italian Opera-house, 294,480 francs; Ballet, 126,720 francs; French Theatre, 86,400 francs.

FLORENCE.—A new opera, entitled *Buondelmonte*, by Signor Pacini, has been produced at the Pagliano, with Madame Barbière-Nini, Signori Cresci, Bertolini, and a *débutante* Madame d'Annia. The opera was successful, and its success must be mainly attributed to the great effort made by Madame Barbière-Nini. The *débutante* was well received and met with considerable applause, especially in a duet with Madame Barbière-Nini, which was encored.—A new office has been opened at Florence for the sale of *libretti*. It is under the direction of Signor Guidi, musical publisher, at the office of the musical paper *L'Armonia*. The idea seems a good one, and, if properly carried out, may be made remunerative to all parties.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MISS POLLY MARSHALL IN NEW YORK.—The *New York Herald* gives the following account of the first appearance of Miss Polly Marshall, on the 22nd ult., at Burton's New Theatre:—"The announcement that the popular English comedienne, Miss Polly Marshall, would appear last evening at Burton's New Theatre, for the first time in this country, attracted one of the largest audiences assembled within its walls since its opening. Miss Marshall enjoys, in her native country, an enviable reputation as an actress in the lighter kind of comedies, in which she also promises to be a favourite with the patrons of the stage on this side the water. Her personal appearance is decidedly in her favour, and the moment she was introduced to her audience she created a pleasing impression. Miss M. is a little below the medium height, with a merry, laughing face, and a buxom figure, decidedly inclining to what "our merciful friend, the Gaul," would term *embonpoint*. Her acting was free from that embarrassment which usually attends the *début* of a new actress before a strange audience, and was as successful as her warmest admirers could desire. Her first appearance was in the burletta of *Catching a Governor*, in which she introduced the *pas de fascination*, which was received with enthusiastic applause, but which, we must say, we have often seen much better danced. Still, there is something in Miss Marshall's style of dancing which has a peculiar charm—a charm that extends to everything she does. In the *Object of Interest* she was not so successful, but this was attributable to the play itself, which is a rather dull and stupid affair. Altogether, however, her *début* was very successful, and if she plays as well every night she will soon become a great favourite with the New York public."

LA TRAVIATA IN MOSCOW.—(From the Times' Correspondent. Oct. 2.)—The opera of *La Traviata* was performed on Wednesday (last) night by the Italian company, and, thanks to the intelligence, zeal, and admirable singing of Madame Bosio, it achieved a great success. The house was fully, if not excessively crowded, and the Grand Duchess Constantine, the Grand Duke, and their little son, were among the audience. So also—oh, Dr. M'Hale, Bishop of Tuam (saving the Titles Act!) and protagonist of the church which alone is true against the corruptions of faith and morals of Protestantism and the evils of heresy, listen to this!—so also was he of the Princes Chigi, who represents before the eyes of the Russian Court and of the Greek Church its only great secular rival now-a-days, who is the Nuncio of the Vice-gerent of God, the Legate of the descendant of Peter. Perched in the third row of the stage boxes, just two above the head of the Grand Duchess, sat the Ambassador du Saint Siege, &c., *vidi, mei oculis vidi*, and except that a poor Anglican bishop cannot so much as look at a fox-hunt without incurring the indignation of the Christian world—plus that of the Church of Rome in Ireland—I would not have thought the circumstance worth record. His Excellency (or his Eminence, or whatever his title may be) is a very clever, agreeable, and accomplished gentleman, and perhaps, after all, it was in the way of edification that he witnessed the exciting and worldly, if not immoral tableaux of *La Traviata*.

AMERICA.—The first performance of the New German Opera troupe, at Niblo's Theatre, New York, is thus given in the *Musical Review and Gazette*, of Sept. 20th, the opera being Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, or, in the German, *Robert der Teufel*:—"A few years before the revolution of 1830 the grand opera in France underwent several important modifications, in themselves almost a revolution. From 1828 to 1831 three successive steps were made towards bringing the five-act opera to that perfection in which we now find it, by Italy, France, and Germany. In 1828 Auber produced *Masaniello*, which imparted new life and new colours to the five-act opera. In 1829 Rossini brought out *William Tell*, with further modifications, combining the fire of the Italian with French vivacity and *esprit*; and in 1830 Meyerbeer was about to produce his *Robert le Diable*, when the Revolution obliged him to postpone his work until the following year. In *Robert le Diable* the composer has infused into the Italian and French elements introduced by Auber and Rossini, a German element which interprets with greater fidelity the meaning of the words, a more serious orchestration, and a more characteristic instrumentation. To the *esprit* of the Frenchman and the fire of the Italian, he has joined the strong head and calculation of the German. He gave thought to the whole, and brought the different elements of the French opera into a system. *Robert der Teufel* is a splendid mosaic work, conceived and arranged in the most skilful manner. If we consider that this opera was the first effort of Meyerbeer in a new path, and that he brought to it the full weight of his ambition, which at that time was far from being satisfied with a comparatively fresh talent, *Robert der Teufel* will seem the most novel, and to the musician the most attractive of his four grand operas. The magnificent characteristic, in the third act, of the devil, placed in strong contrast with Alice, is evidence of the great power of combination which Meyerbeer possesses. The trio in the fifth act is another instance of contrast—the great secret of his success. It is in an opera like *Robert der Teufel*, where the melodious power is still fresh, that the system of calculation does not appear to every eye and every ear, and the music seems in some instances the result of inspiration. But the inspiration of a composer like Meyerbeer is generally the result of a happy thought produced by profound cogitation; it is never that inspiration which is the immediate offspring of the soul, and which has its origin in the firm belief of the divinity of the art. There have been numerous attempts at German opera in America, but nothing with any promise until last Tuesday. We shall not venture a detailed criticism upon a first performance of *Robert der Teufel*, an opera of which every Italian company that have essayed it in America has made a complete botch. It was not to be expected that it should be rendered in perfection by a

troupe selected with a view to a permanent establishment—a troupe consisting of good artists indeed, but still not stars, nor equal to the sustaining of all the rôles in Meyerbeer's masterpiece. That the opera should have been given with any degree of success under such circumstances was sufficient triumph for the opening night; and that this was so, we have to thank, first, Madame von Berkel, who proved herself an excellent dramatic artist; and, secondly, Mr. Bergmann, whose orchestra was much the best and best-controlled that has accompanied opera in New York. Of the other artists we shall speak at length hereafter, as also of the chorus. The audience assembled was very large, and—a marked contrast to the audience at the Academy—was a critical one. Applause and disapprobation were appropriately bestowed, and not, as elsewhere, given precisely in the wrong places. The *mise-en-scène*, dresses, decorations, and scenery, were excellent, and in fine, the first performance of the new troupe, although not satisfactory to the critic, did not extinguish nor discourage our expectations of what is to result from the enterprise of Von Berkel and Co., and the direction of Carl Bergmann.

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